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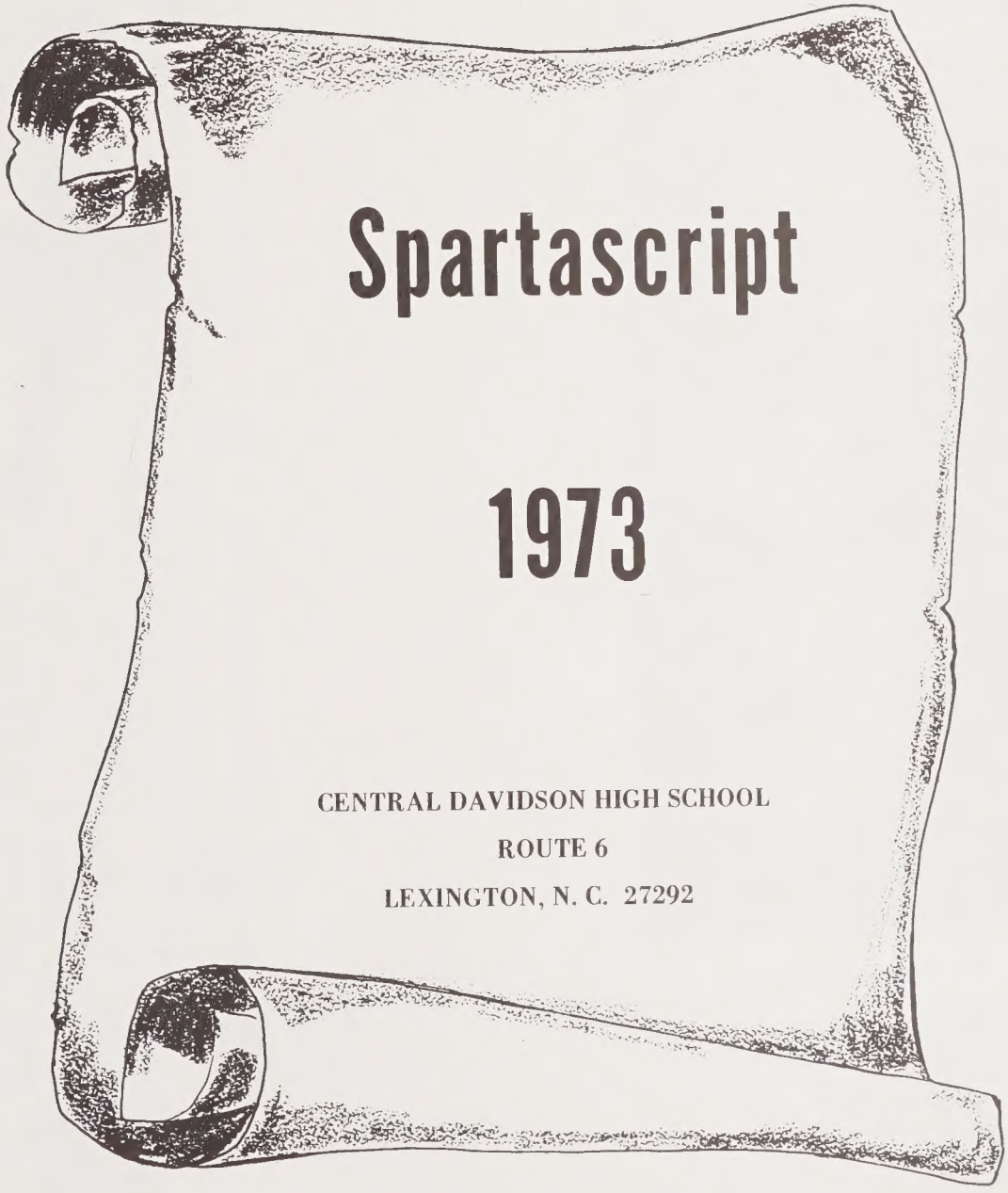

Spartascript

1973

CENTRAL DAVIDSON HIGH SCHOOL
ROUTE 6
LEXINGTON, N. C. 27292

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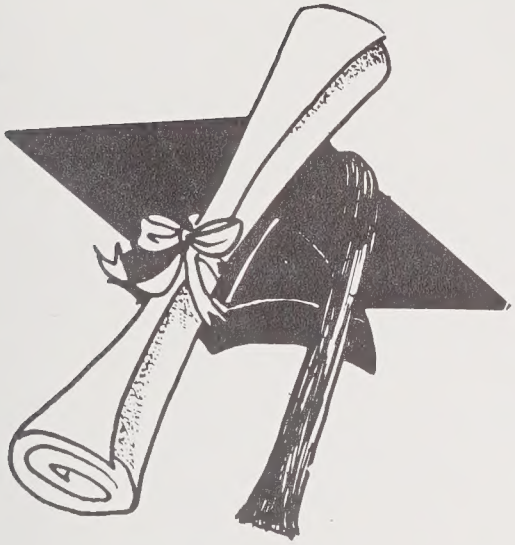
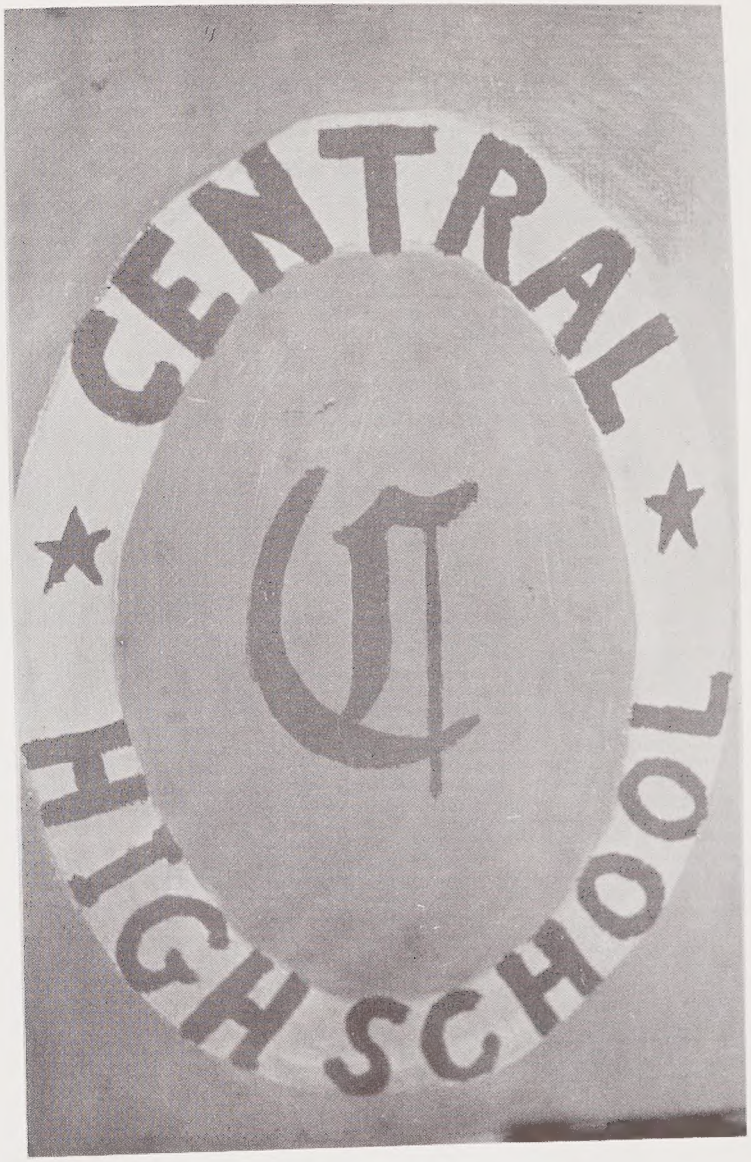


Dedicated To :

The Seniors of 1973



We are witty, and never a pest!
That proves that Seniors must be the best.
We always abide by Central rules!
Unlike other un-namely fools.
We strive to do good, and help those in need.
Just for the sake, of doing a good deed.
We always love and we never hate.
Cause this is our year, to GRADUATE!!!!

Seniors
"Class of 73"

MY LOVE

She smiled at me
with the smile that has warmed my heart
since first we met.
In her smile I could see
the happiness that we have shared.
In her eyes I could see
that her love for me
was as great as my love for her.

Now, as I sit here alone,
lost in the sorrow of her departure,
I can only dream and remember
our days and hours together.

We were not perfectly matched
since our quarrels were frequent,
but our love was so great that
nothing else mattered, and nothing
could come between us for long.

Since she was stolen away from me
then this shall be the end of me also,
because without her life and love have no meaning.
A man cannot live without love.

Eddie Garner

ME AND YOU

As the days and nights go by
And you and I are apart;
The thought of your wonderful face
Brings a glowing joy to my heart.

Without you, life is worthless
And I feel no need to live;
I want to be with you all the time,
So much joy to me you give.

And so I write this poem for you
In hopes you will always know;
Just how much I do care for you
And want our love to grow

Barbara Morris

UNTITLED

Smile,
For it is better to look happy, than to cry and appear sad.
Laugh,
For without laughter, there can be no joy.
Be Gentle,
for to be rough, is to destroy.
Be Truthful,
For without the truth, there can be no honesty.
Be Faithful,
For without trust, there is only deceit.
And Last, Love,
For without love, there can be nothing but hate.

From the broken down typewriter of
Darrell S. Warner

LOVE

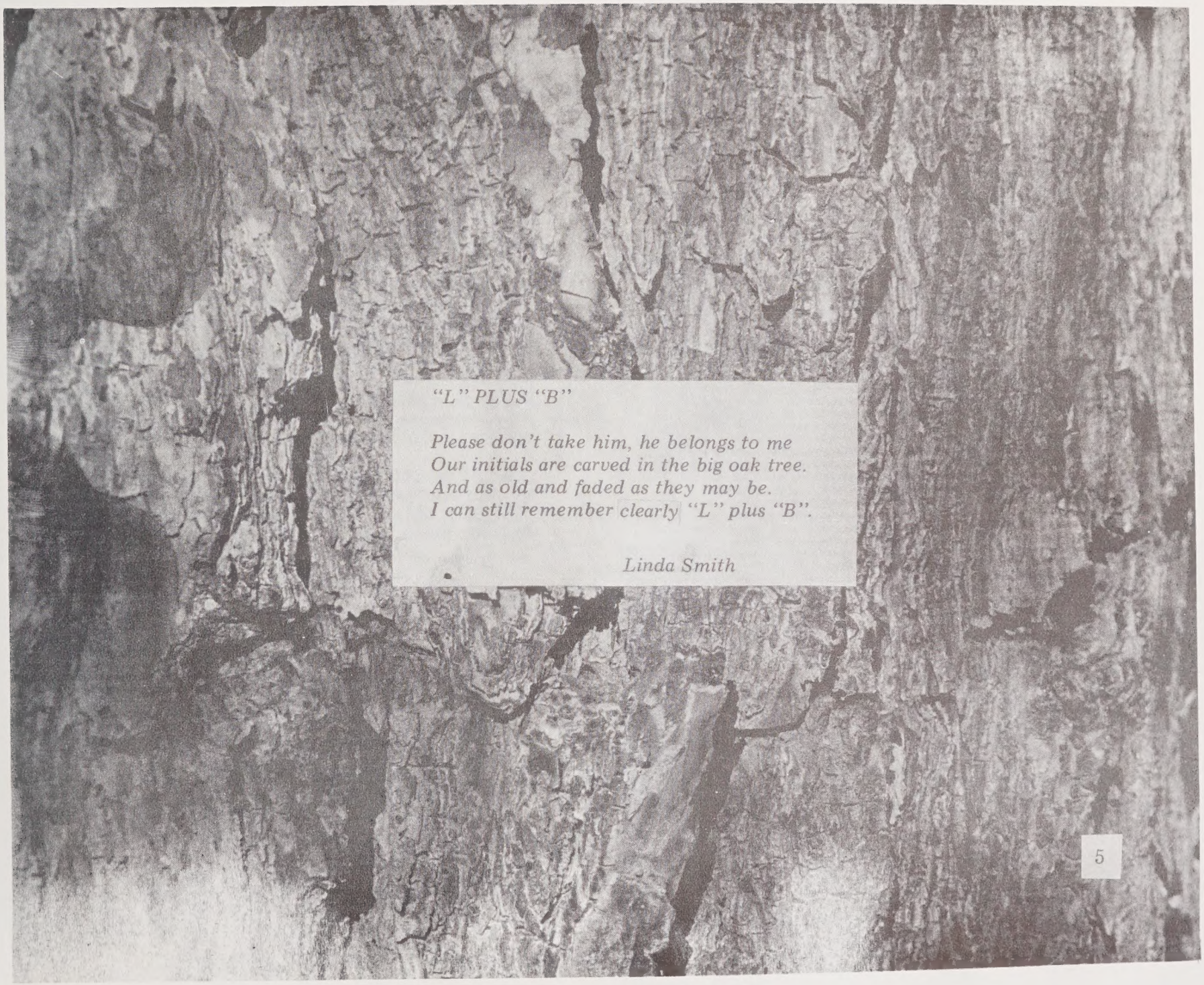
Love is now,
Love is near,
Love is something,
You should never fear.

Love is free,
Love is thrilling,
Love is really,
A happy feeling.

Love is here,
Love is fine,
Love is finding,
New peace of mind.

Love is happy,
Love you see,
Is really something,
For you and me.

Janet Goss



"L" PLUS "B"

Please don't take him, he belongs to me
Our initials are carved in the big oak tree.
And as old and faded as they may be.
I can still remember clearly "L" plus "B".

Linda Smith

FRIENDS

I hold out my hand for you to grasp and you take it.
That makes us friends.

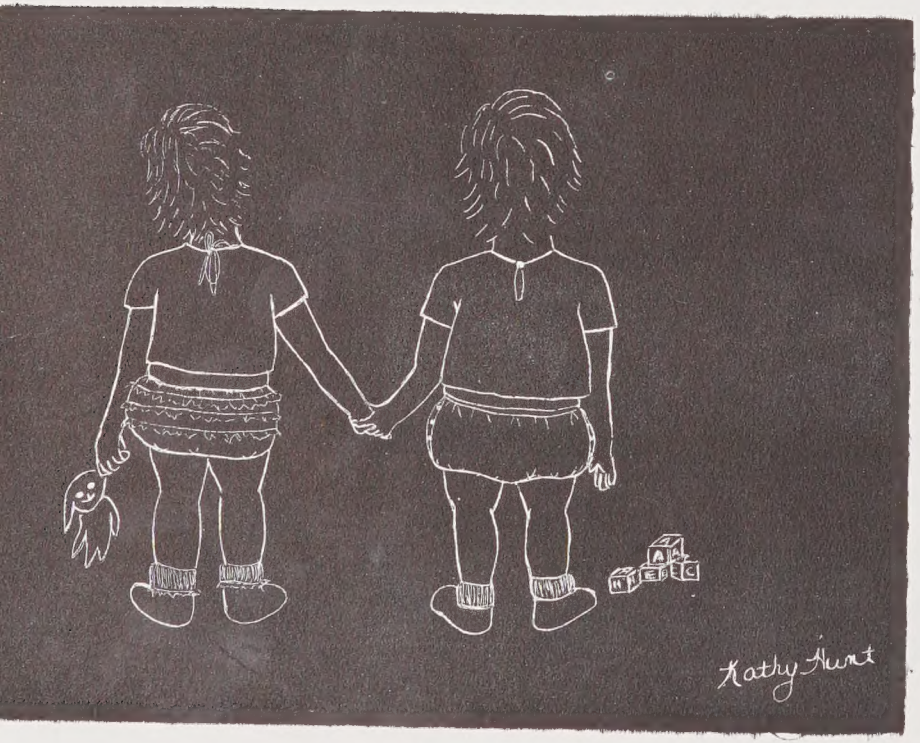
I tell my secrets to you and you keep them,
That makes us friends.

I find my fun in you and you let me.
That makes us friends.

I form my trust in you and you're true to me.
That makes us friends.

I share my life with you and you love me.
That makes us more than friends.

Betsy Webster



THE KITE

The kite continued to rise higher and higher
As I masterfully drove it to its uppermost heights;
I knew that I could rule this kite,
Yes, I was its master.

But, alas the wind ceased to blow,
And my kite slowly sank to the ground.
That, I said, could not conquer me.
I kept trying.

I ran and ran and ran,
But the kite would not rise above my head.
Then, exhausted, I fell face down to the earth,
And the kite collasped beside me.

Blow wind! Blow!
You are the cause of my defeat.
But everything remained still
As I continued to lay on the ground.

There, on the cool earth
My mind was filled with thoughts–
Thoughts of why everything happens as it does, and then I knew,
God is the master of all.

Beth Burkhart

IT'S A LOVLIER DAY

It's a lovlier day when you are here. . .
A day of smiles,
A day of cheer,
A day of heaven,
From above,
And all because
I have you to love.

Jackie McCarn

FRIENDSHIP

Wouldn't this old world be better,
If the folks we meet would say-
I know something good about you-
And treat us just that way?

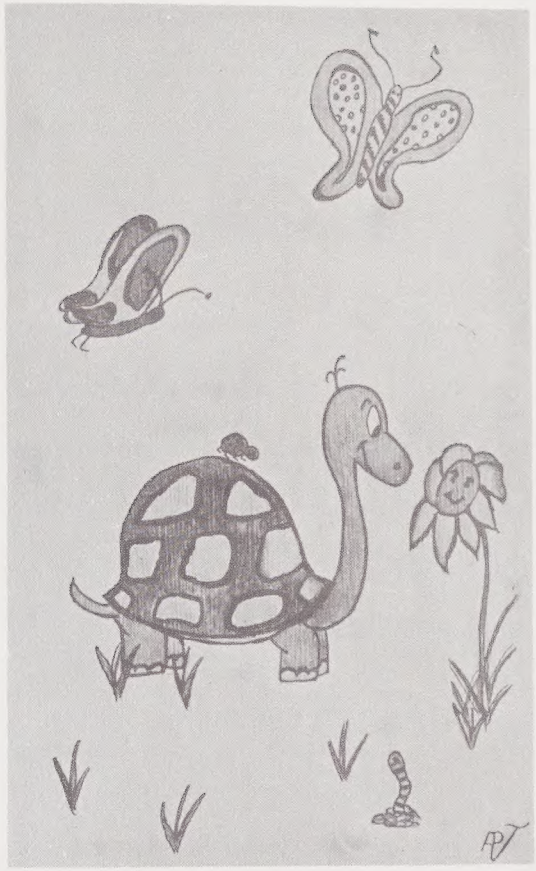
Wouldn't it be fine and dandy,
If each handclasp warm and true,
Carried with it this assurance-
I know something good about you?

Wouldn't life be a lot more happy,
If the good that's in us all,
Were the only thing about us
That folks bothered to recall?

Wouldn't life be lots more happy,
If we praised the good we see-
For there's such a lot of goodness,
In the worst of you and me!

Wouldn't it be nice to practice
That fine way of thinking, too
You know something good about me
I know something good about you!

D.S.W.



FRIENDS

They're nice to have around you,
To help you spend your day.
Or share a conversation with,
In a gentle sort of way.

They always think about you,
And never let you down.
Especially when your feet,
Don't quite touch the ground.

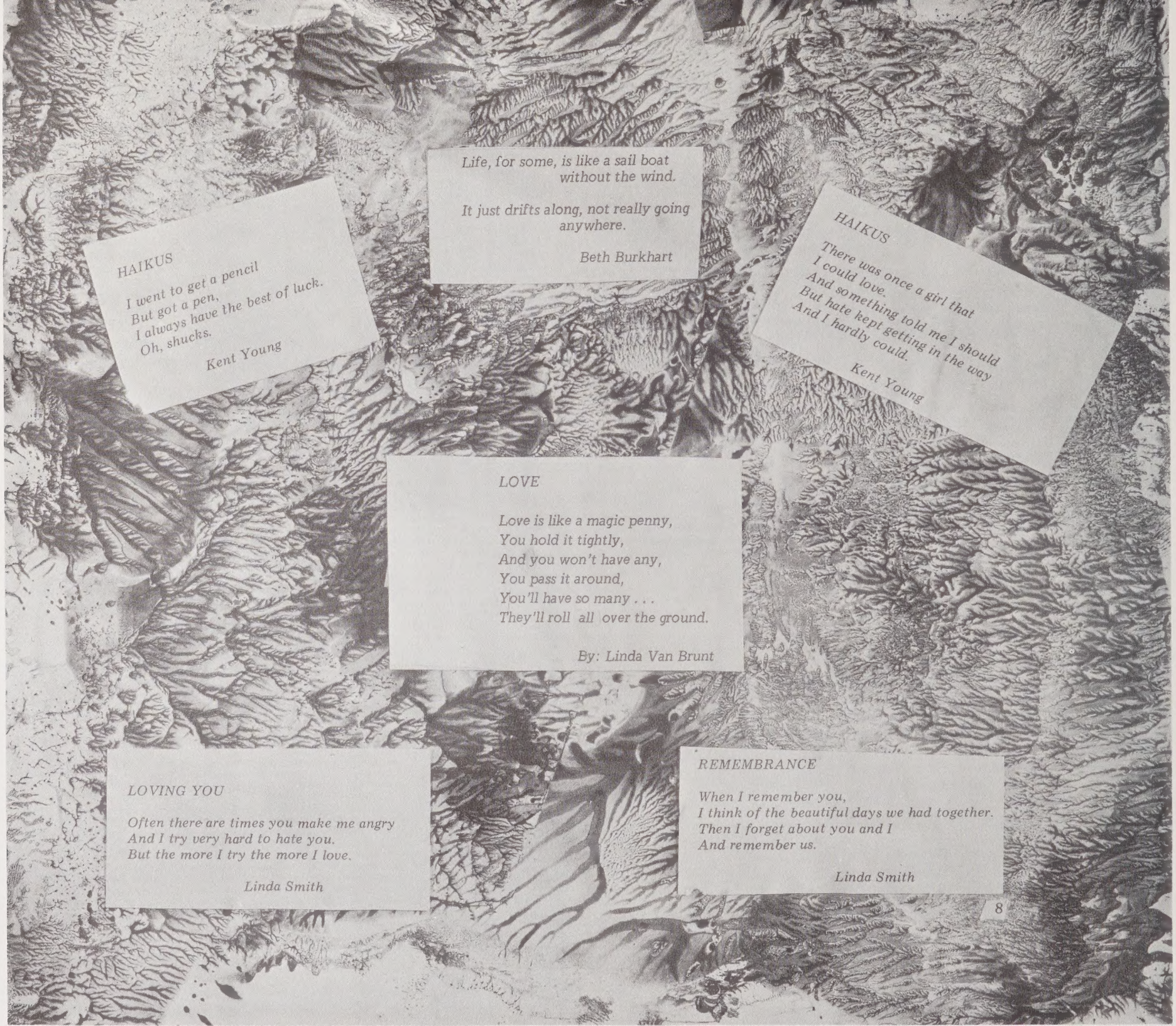
They're always there to turn to,
And never lock their door.
For these are your real friends,
And what are real friends for?

Darrell Warner

TIME

What is love; What can it be?
Why won't it ever happen to me?
How does it happen; How does it feel?
How can I know if it's truly for real?
I guess it takes time; I only can wait.
And hope it lies, in my on-coming fate.

D.S.W.



HAIKUS

I went to get a pencil
But got a pen,
I always have the best of luck.
Oh, shucks.

Kent Young

Life, for some, is like a sail boat
without the wind.

It just drifts along, not really going
anywhere.

Beth Burkhart

HAIKUS

There was once a girl that
I could love.
And something told me I should
But hate kept getting in the way
And I hardly could.

Kent Young

LOVE

Love is like a magic penny,
You hold it tightly,
And you won't have any,
You pass it around,
You'll have so many . . .
They'll roll all over the ground.

By: Linda Van Brunt

LOVING YOU

Often there are times you make me angry
And I try very hard to hate you.
But the more I try the more I love.

Linda Smith

REMEMBRANCE

When I remember you,
I think of the beautiful days we had together.
Then I forget about you and I
And remember us.

Linda Smith

LOVE: IT'S THE REAL THING

People across the nation, I've got something
I want to say.
This world is in a terrible shape, troubles
from day to day
Now when we begin the real life, there'll
be peace for us all
The color of your skin won't matter
So let's all of us learn to live together
Love is the answer, love is sweet
Love is what it takes to correct mistakes.
I believe that love is the key that
unlocks the door of sorrow
It just takes love today to insure a
brighter tomorrow.

Marie Campbell

AN UNKNOWN LOVE

Two lovers pass, but do not speak-
Love only with their eyes.
For as they pass, each steals a glance
And then they walk on by.

They close their eyes and breathe a sigh;
In love but do not know.
"It's weakness," thus they both contend,
"To be the first to show."

So love lives only in their dreams,
And blooms in yellow hues.
He says, "She cares for me." And she–
"I think he loves me, too."

Martha Ann Ford

LIFE IN THE FULLEST!

Life can bring its ups and downs
Which is often depicted in little clowns.
Cry today and laught tomorrow,
For happiness is prettier than sorrow.

The joy of seeing the crippled walk
Or even hearing a mute learn to talk.
These are happinesses that you just can't hold
And they're very hard to cut off cold.

God gave me eyes that I might see,
Which allows me to walk around this land, free.
He also gave me hands to feel,
That way; I know that life is real.

If you think you're tired of the human race,
Try telling that to a crippled child's face.
One who can't even tie his shoe;
Knowing he has to depend on you.

The child struggles to make each day count
And there you go trying to own the mount!
To him each day must be a delight
So why not try and make it bright!

God gave us life to live each day,
So why not live it in the fullest way.
Loving each other the way we should,
That would end up making all things good!

Isabelle Cook

ROMANCED

When I was thirteen or so
I went to a golden land,
The Gods
Took me by the hand.

I dimly heard the school bell ring
And boys far-off at play-
The Gods
Had stolen me away.

I walked home with a golden boy
And never a word did I say
The Gods
Had taken my speech away

The houses, people, traffics seemed
Thin fading dreams today;
The Gods,
Had stolen my soul away.

Roger Lohr

AN ENCOUNTER

If it were but a fleeing glance,
A slight smile on your manly stance.
If it were but one warm embrace,
Only a flicker of interest on your face...an encounter.

If it were only the touch of your hand,
The look in your eyes I suppose I could stand.
If it were only the drop of a book
That you picked up for me with a gallant look...an encounter.

If it were just the jokes you told,
The things you did when you grew bold.
If it were just my broken heart
That you left behind when we went apart...and encounter.

If it could have been that--no more,
Only one face that I saw at a door,
A face free from boredom and gloom
Only one face in a crowded room...an encounter.

I wish it could have been just these things,
No moons or stars or hearts on wings,
But it was much more than the times we had,
Or the things we did, the good and the bad...and encounter.

Now as I look back I can see
Just how it should have been with you and me.
A little piece of heaven and we gave it away,
Oh, Cupid's arrows have gone astray.. an encounter.

No not just a meeting--two figures of fate.
As two sides of a coin--you love and you hate.
How many times will I feel it again..an encounter?
No, much, much more than a simple encounter.

Betsy Webster

MY HEART

Bound,
Tied with strings,
All wrapped up,
Full of memories;
my heart.

Lynn Smith

LOVE'S QUIET DOUBT

In the chapel of love
we said our vows
to be together always
Meaning every word we said
on that cold and winter day
But as the days passed
and the hours seemed longer
We began to doubt the love
we thought we always had
and began to see the foolishness
that people seem to have.
If we had only known
how our life could be torn down
Do you think we would have thought
before we said our vows.

Now it's spring again
and the trees have bloomed
And we still seem to have
that oh, so prolonging doubt
But you see, we've learned one thing
about the way of life;
If we could only know for sure
that we would never lose
that so everlasting race
of who's so true to who
Do you think we would still be trying
to solve that awful doubt
Of how the love we have
will ever quite work out.

Shirley McGirt

DO YOU KNOW?

What goes on forever?
What comes down?
What makes a funny little sound
What is life?
What is love?
What do we see in the sky above?
What is in a laugh?
What is in a cry?
What is in a person's sigh?
Why do things go on forever?
Why do things come down?
Why do things make funny little sounds?
Why is there life?
Why is there love?
Why do we see shapes of clouds above?
Why do we laugh?
Why do we cry?
Why do we hear another person's sigh?
Why do we run?
Why do we have fear?
Why do we sometimes want to shed a tear?
What is a valley?
What is on land...?
Answer any of my questions, my friend,
or, see if you can!

Jan Rogers

CANDLE

Someone lit a candle.

It burst into flame
Melting the cold snow-wax
Til it grew soft, softer,
Dripping.

It ran down the side
Til it reached the cold south,
Where it cooled and stopped.
But then the sun-flame
Came nearer,

And melted the snow-wax again.

Sheila Everhart

MAYBE NEXT YEAR

Final exams were a week away and Vicky was in her room on Friday night studying. Most of the girls were only thinking of the Spring Dance, which always came a week after exams. But Vicky was different from the other girls. Don't get me wrong. There was nothing she wanted more than to go to the dance, but Vicky knew that she wouldn't go to this dance, just like she hadn't gone last year.

Vicky had intended to change things during her sophomore year. She had even told herself that maybe she would be invited to the Spring Dance, but things hadn't gone according to her plans.

The weekend passed quickly and Vicky was getting ready for school on Monday morning.

"Did you sleep well?" Vicky's mother asked.

"Yes, sort of. I have to get to school early so I'll see you around 4:30. Bye." Vicky replied quickly.

"Good-bye. Have a nice day," her mother added as Vicky went out the door.

Vicky arrived at school and met Becky, her best friend, in the hall.

"How's it going?" Becky asked as she walked up smiling happily.

"Oh okay." Vicky answered. "What's up? You look like the happpiest person in the world."

"I don't see how anyone can be happier than I am right now. Sam asked me to go to the Spring Dance with him! Oh Vicky, I still can't believe it."

"Becky! That's great! It's fantastic!" Vicky exclaimed happily. "When did he ask you?

"Saturday night he called and asked if he could come over. Naturally I said yes. He came right over and we talked awhile and listened to some records. Then he asked me. It was 10:23 exactly." Both girls began to laugh.

Friday came. Vicky had just gotten her plate at lunch and had gone to an empty table to go over some notes before her Chemistry test.

She was halfway through lunch when suddenly someone came up beside her.

"Uh . . . is this seat taken?" Jeff Davis asked.

"Oh yes, uh, I mean no. Won't you sit down? Vicky stuttered. Why would he want to sit here she thought. Jeff was a Senior and rather popular.

"Studying Chemistry." Jeff said sympathetically.

"Yes, it's sort of rough but I think I'm going to pass." Vicky answered. Vicky and Jeff continued with the small talk until . . .

"Have you made any plans for next Friday night? Jeff asked.

"Well no, — not yet." Vicky replied. "That's the night of the Spring Dance isn't it? She said as if she weren't sure.

"Yes, and I was — uh — wondering if — well — if you would like to go with me? Jeff asked hopefully.

"Oh Jeff! I would love to! I really would!" Vicky happily replied.

"That's great. Well, I'll talk to you later but I really have to get to my next class." Jeff said with a bit of relief in his voice.

"Okay," Vicky understandingly said.

"See ya later," Jeff smiled as he got up to leave.

Vicky was so happy the next week. She had seen Jeff every day at School.

Vicky's mother took her shopping Wednesday to buy a spring formal. Her mother told Vicky that she could have the dress of her choice. It was a beautiful dress. It was made of a light pink, silk material, had an empire waist, and was sleeveless.

Friday night was finally here and Vicky could hardly believe it was she when she looked in the mirror.

She had on her beautiful pink formal, and had long white gloves and pink shoes to match her dress. Her hair was so shiny and it had just the right amount of curl in it.

Vicky was so happy it seemed as if she glowed. Even her little brother noticed how nice she looked.

It was almost 7:30. Jeff would be here any minute. Vicky was beginning to get nervous. She began to think of how it would be at the dance with Jeff and the nervousness seemed to disappear.

The next time Vicky looked at the clock it was 7:45. Where could he be? she thought, but didn't say anything.

The time seemed to fly by and Jeff didn't show up.

Vicky looked at the clock. It was 8:30.

"I'm sure Jeff has a very reasonable explanation. Something probably came up. Maybe next year." Vicky said quietly.

She got up and slowly went to her room. She closed the door and turned the radio up unusually loud. Then she threw herself across her bed and began to cry.

Debbie Dickens

THE ROSES HAVE GONE AWAY

The roses have gone away
The leaves have fallen off the trees
And gone is the love
You once gave to me.

The way you acted so smart
You left everything you had
The way it turned out
Was so sad.

I was sad
I loved you so
But you had to leave
You just had to go.

The fall turned to winter
The winter to spring,
I hadn't heard from you
You wouldn't tell me a thing.

I didn't know what you were doing
Nor where you had gone,
But I knew one thing
I wanted you home.

And then one day a letter came
It said you were dead,
Been killed in a war
That's all it said.

The roses have gone away
The leaves have fallen off the trees
And somewhere lies a young soldier
Who once belonged to me.

Ramona Power

WHY

When I was with you, things always went right.
And then came the time, of that terrible fight.
Well now I'm alone, and feeling so blue.
And wondering what, I'll do without you.
Maybe in time, I'll find someone new.
But all my thoughts, will be thinking of you.

D.S.W.

BILLY CAME HOME FOR CHRISTMAS

The other day while I was playing a soldier came to see my Mommy and Daddy. He looked so much like my brother, before he went away. But this soldier wasn't smiling like my brother always did. My brother, "you see," he always said that if you didn't smile and be happy the sun wouldn't shine, and oh, I loved the sunshine, so I tried to be happy all the time, except, when my brother left for Vietnam. That was the day it rained so hard, and he said I should've smiled the rain away, but I just couldn't.

But, that's all different now. You see, it's about Christmas time and that's when he's coming home. I even know how many days, because Mommy's been helping me count.

I'll be going to school next year. My brother always said I would be a good student. He said that he would see to that. I love my brother so much. I can't understand why he left.

Mommy, Daddy, why are you crying? Please, Mommy, don't cry, Daddy, please don't cry. Mommy, what did that soldier do? Why did he make you cry? Please don't cry. Mommy, Daddy, I'm scared.

No, Mommy, Daddy, he is coming back home to play with me. He is. He is. Please don't say that, No. No. No, Mommy he said he would be home Christmas, he promised me. He said he would never leave me.

I don't believe them. Why do they tell stories like that. When my brother comes home, I'm going to tell him how they tell stories. Billy you're not going to leave me! You're coming home aren't you? Please, Dear God, let my brother, Billy, come home. I've made that picture of you that I said I would. Billy, Billy, I love you. I'll leave my smile on for you so the sun won't quit shining till you come home. I don't like the dark, remember?

Today is Christmas. My brother came home, but he's not going to be able to play with me now. But Mommy said I would play with him again someday. She said God would take good care of him, till I see him again.

Mommy said that Billy kept his promise, that he wouldn't ever leave me. I know this is true, because every time I close my eyes it's not dark any more. I see him smiling and the sun is always shining. I'm not going to cry anymore. Because Billy loved the sun to shine, so I'll smile and be happy for him.

Shirley McGirt

WHEN YOU CAN ENDURE ALL

When you can endure all
You can be proud
Proud of the way you stand
And hold your arms out loud.

When you can endure all
You have broken the strain
The strain of the pressures of life
The victory to be strong.

Chris Smith

ANONYMOUS

He is the way the world is
He changes to suit his needs
He makes these changes slowly
No one knows.
No one notices.
He makes himself presentable
He agrees to anything
And yet, he doesn't - really
No one knows.
No one cares.
Inside he screams - he cries
Outwardly living a lie
Being as others would would have him.
No one knows.
No one knows.
And yet, he lives daily
And as his life passes
He leaves on the wind.
No one knows.
No one remembers.

William Bailey

MEMORIES

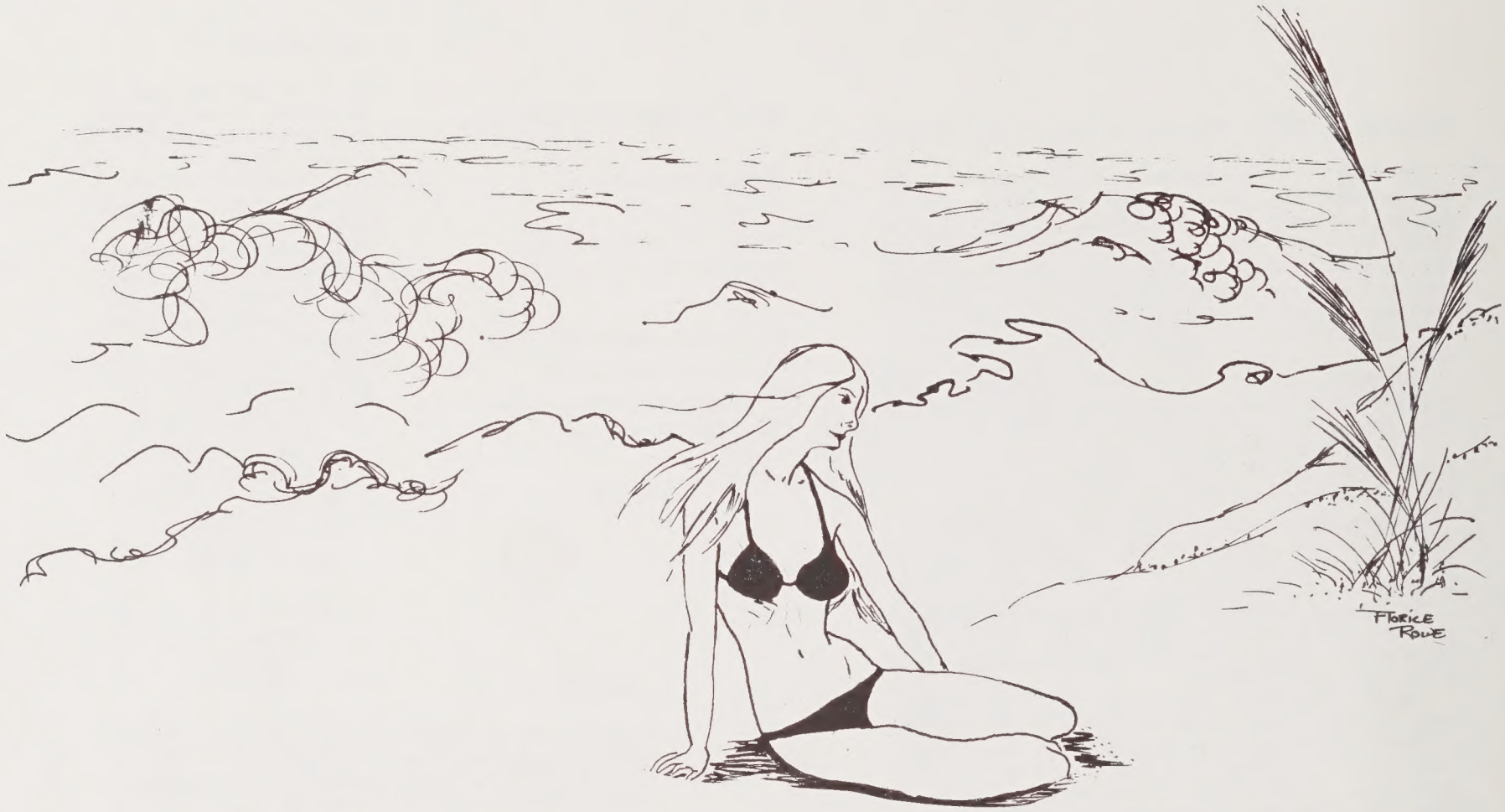
Memories are for those who love
And for those who've had love returned.
There're for those whose hearts have been opened
And for those who've had theirs burned.

Memories feed on happy times
The ones that mean most to you.
Like the time you got your brand-new car
Or the first time that I kissed you.

Then there's the momory of big juicy pies
And chocolate and other things sweet.
And then you find when you get on the scales
The food was too rich to eat.

But best there are the memories
Of loved ones,family and friends.
They are the things that are dearest
And will mean most in the end.

Kathy Miller



WALKING ALONG THE BEACH

I used to walk alone, along the beach,
Which was so quiet and beautiful,
Thinking of things I longed to do
With a special someone.

Then I walked along the beach,
Which was so quiet and beautiful,
With that special someone
Doing things I love to do.

Now I walk alone, along the beach,
Which is so quiet and beautiful,
Clinging to a heart full of memories.

Lynn Smith

HIS SONG

Down to lake, he took his guitar
To meet all his soul friends there.
With worn out jeans, pork and beans
A ribbon to pull back his hair.

He wrote rhymes to express his happy times
And picked out a foot-stomping tune.
As the day rolled on, he sang his song
It was all in the month of June.

He sang his song as the night danced on
I thought it would never end.
And when he had gone, I couldn't go on
His song had become my friend.

Kim Rogers

ALONE

The world all around me–
yet I am alone.
My friends laughing, radiant, together–
yet I am alone.
Creation stuffed with people–
and somewhere, someone like me.
And he is alone.

Martha Ann Ford

MY HUSBAND, A STRANGER

This was the happiest day of my life. The day I'd waited for so long had finally come. I was the happiest girl in the whole world.

Mike and I had been knowing each other for five years and I felt that we knew every single thing about each other. My love for Mike would never cease. We were finally married.

After the honeymoon was over, we got a small apartment in town, and we both went to work. Mike told me that I didn't have to work, but I told him that the more money that we made, the sooner we'd have our own home.

After a year of hard work and thriftiness, we bought the cottage of our dreams. Everything was just perfect like Mike had said it would be.

After we had moved in our new home, I found out that I was pregnant and had to quit work. By the time the baby, Billy, was born, the bills had piled up tremendously. Mike had started to get hateful and had begun to drink, also.

Could this be the man that I said I could never stop loving? Every day things became a little worse. Mike was drinking more and more.

He never came home from work on time anymore. He always had to stop off at some darn bar. He came in at all times of the night, woke me up cursing, and breaking things for no reason at all. I'd talked to the marriage counselor and even the Reverend, but Mike didn't try to help our marriage.

My love for him was slowly dying and soon I found myself literally hating him. Now my life seemed like a nightmare, but I couldn't wake up. Every day of my life was an earthly hell.

I just couldn't stand to live with Mike one more day. The only thing I'd gotten from this marriage was heart ache and a child, who was afraid of his own father. We'd have to get a divorce. Mike hated me and I hated him.

After the divorce, Billy, who was four, was sitting by the fireplace with me. He looked so much like Mike that I broke down and cried. The man that I thought I knew so well had been a total stranger.

Tony Giles

THE WORLD OF A TOOTHBRUSH

My life is a busy one, I must admit. Going up, down, and sideways in kids mouths isn't the easiest job in the world, you know! Yes, I am a toothbrush. Being a toothbrush isn't all it's 'cracked up' to be, I assure you. Working inside of those dirty little mouths, meal after meal, day after day, is really nerve racking. They make me use a harsh toothpaste, which absolutely burns me up! The bad little kids chew my bristles up, and I have to go to the 'Beautiful Bristle Parlor' twice a week. The one thing which I detest more than anything else is kids with braces. Those wires are murder! How do they expect me to keep teeth clean when they build a tin factory on them! This kind of life is rough, so, if you ever decide to be anything else, don't be a toothbrush. Besides, we have fifty percent more cavities.

Luann Hedrick

STUDY OF D. DAVIS

D. Davis is intangible. He flits between Saturn and Venus, briefly touching down on Earth's surface at Christmas time. We are almost due for his next annual visit. When he comes again I shall be there.

D. Davis is one of those mortals(?) that is extremely gifted and co-ordinated and brilliant, with curly hair.

He travels between the worlds seeking the best in each, not knowing whether to take what over whelms him at face value, remain to study it deeper, or forsake it for something even more overwhelming and bewildering.

O, what higher guidance D. Davis has, guide him to happiness. But, if not happiness, then contentment and satisfaction.

Give D. Davis a Renaissance. Make him understand a small fraction of life and be content with his abstract mind.

Rid D. Davis of his persecution and guilt complexes, his slovenly individuality, warped sense of humor, his bleak outlook on life, and his ignorance, and you will rid the world of a true individual.

Georgeanna Sellers

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MY WRITINGS

My writings are sweet, and simple and few.
No novel in the offing or royalities due.
I just like to write and expressive be
For the words I write down come only from me.

Only from me and heart when it's filled with joy
and laughter; or sorrow and pain.
When it's put aside for others,
And my tears fall like rain.
My writings will live forever the same.

A hint of glory;
A touch of fame.
Then I would be by the world acclaimed
A "star".

But, what of this?
A star shines only in darkest night.
And to me. . . . .
A writer is forever to write.

Betsy Webster

ALGEBRA

Algebra is a drag,
Algebra is a bore,
Cause after taking notes all day,
Your hands get really sore!

By: Debbie Soles

NO CHOICE

I am
a single
entity.
One person,
One place,
One thing.
I exist
in this
universe
alone.
I see
this world
from
One view,
One thought,
One life.
I am
separate,
co-existing
with
One,
with all,
with you.
My mind
accepts
the thoughts
I think.
I know,
I feel,
I do.
But why
do I
think
of this?
I don't
know.
Do you?
The answer
may be
simple.
I have
no idea.
So I
will
think
and
accept
it.
I have . . .
no choice.

By: William Bailey

TO THE UNBORN CHILD

What does your future hold.
Will you be timid or bold.
Will you fit the mold,
Or will you do deeds untold.

What will your future be.
Will people talk of thee.
Will you like what you see.
Will you look like me.

Will your future be good.
Will you do as you should.
Tell me if you would.
Love me if you could.

Jane Younts

THE DANDELION

Carefree and golden
Your face to the sun,
You gay wild tribe;
Lawns you over run.

Poised and graceful
Swaying in the breeze,
You have no worries.
You take life with such ease.

As I look among your heads of gold,
You look like soldiers, all standing in a row,
Armor gleaming, shining bright,
Standing there nobly ready to fight.

Your hair with its bold golden rays,
How sad, you've shed in only a few days,
But you go on without defeat,
And take whatever you have to meet.

You laugh and frolic
Your whole day through.
Then some early morning,
While the summer's new,

You'll grow old and ugly,
When the day is light,
Your head turns white
In a single night.

And with never a murmur
And not even a sigh,
You stand straight up,
When you have to die.

I wish your courage
That I might incline,
To laugh at death;
You dandelion!

Twinkle Briggs

AHH-CHOOO

The brilliance of each budding thing,

The feel of soft, cool breezes,

Tell that this is the season of spring.

And so do all the sneezes!

Laura Mills

TAKE TIME TO BE HOLY

It was the last day of my life, but how was I to know that this was the day that I was to die.

While lying there in the gloomy darkness of my room, on my dying bed, pressing a dying pillow, my whole wretched life ran on and on before me.

In all the years that I've had to change my wicked ways, I'd never again darkened the doors of the big, grey, aged old chapel since my mother died, 27 years ago.

I had had no spiritual resources in all that long 27 years and now I stand before the very gates of hell; my soul being spiritually starved and totally worthless in the presence of God. So where could I go except down into the deep pits of hell?

Satan watched me as I entered the gates of hell, savoring me from head to foot, but all he did was point at me and laugh with a snake like tongue that was afire. Then he asked if I wanted water. I fell to my knees and began to beg. He stood over me with a pitchfork and laughed, pouring water out of a bucket that no matter how long he poured, the water never reached me.

When I was finally convinced that there was no use in begging for water, I fell to my knees and looked around me. What I saw was disgusting; the outcasts of society, the scum of the earth, the wretches and scoundrels. They were all there, and all I could do was cry out in the most unholy manner and curse the name of Jesus forever. What more could I do but rise and fall again in the anguish of the roaring flames and the terrifying voices that were full of pain.

Tony Giles

FEAR

Fear is what wakes you, and shakes you,
in the middle of a dark, cold, night.
It keeps you tense and bright-eyed
during a late night movie.
Fear is a deep emotion, erupting
through you body, telling you to fight or
flee.
The cause of many unnatural deaths;
The core of many unatural minds.

Pete Hoyle

DRUG ADDICT

The walls seemed to glow. The room was spinning like a whirpool. The floor was rising and the falling. Oh, how Dave wished he hadn't ever started this. Dave was a dope addict. He was hooked on the hardest drug of all, Heroin. He wished now that he had never smoked grass when he was a freshman.

As the years had gone by he had moved on to uppers, downers, barbituatuates, and now the bigone, "King Heroin."

Dave needed a fix bad. "If only I could find my contact," Dave thought to himself through his mangled brain. He was already feeling the withdrawal symptoms.

Then there was a knock at the door. "What am I going to do now?" Dave thought. "That might be the police." Dave tried to straighten himself up. He then went to the door. "Who is it?" he asked.

"It's me, Dave," the voice replied."

"Oh God," Dave thought. "What am I gonna do now?" It was Dave's best friend Bill. Bill didn't know about Dave taking dope. At least Dave thought he didn't know.

Dave let him in. "Hi, Dave," Bill said. "Something wrong?"

Dave thought, "Should I tell him? He might be able to help me. Then again he might call the police."

Dave made up his mind, that is, what was left of his mind, to tell Bill.

"So that is why you've been acting so strange lately," Bill said. "I'll help you, Dave, but it will be painful. You're already feeling the pain, aren't you, Dave? This night will be the longest night of your life, and it might be the last."

It was indeed the last night. Dave is still living but he has the mind of a two year old. The withdrawal was simply too much for him.

Dave lives in a room with very soft walls-padded, you might say. He wears this funny little coat with the sleeves tied in the back. Dave will probably stay in his little room for the rest of his days.

Would you like to end up like Dave?

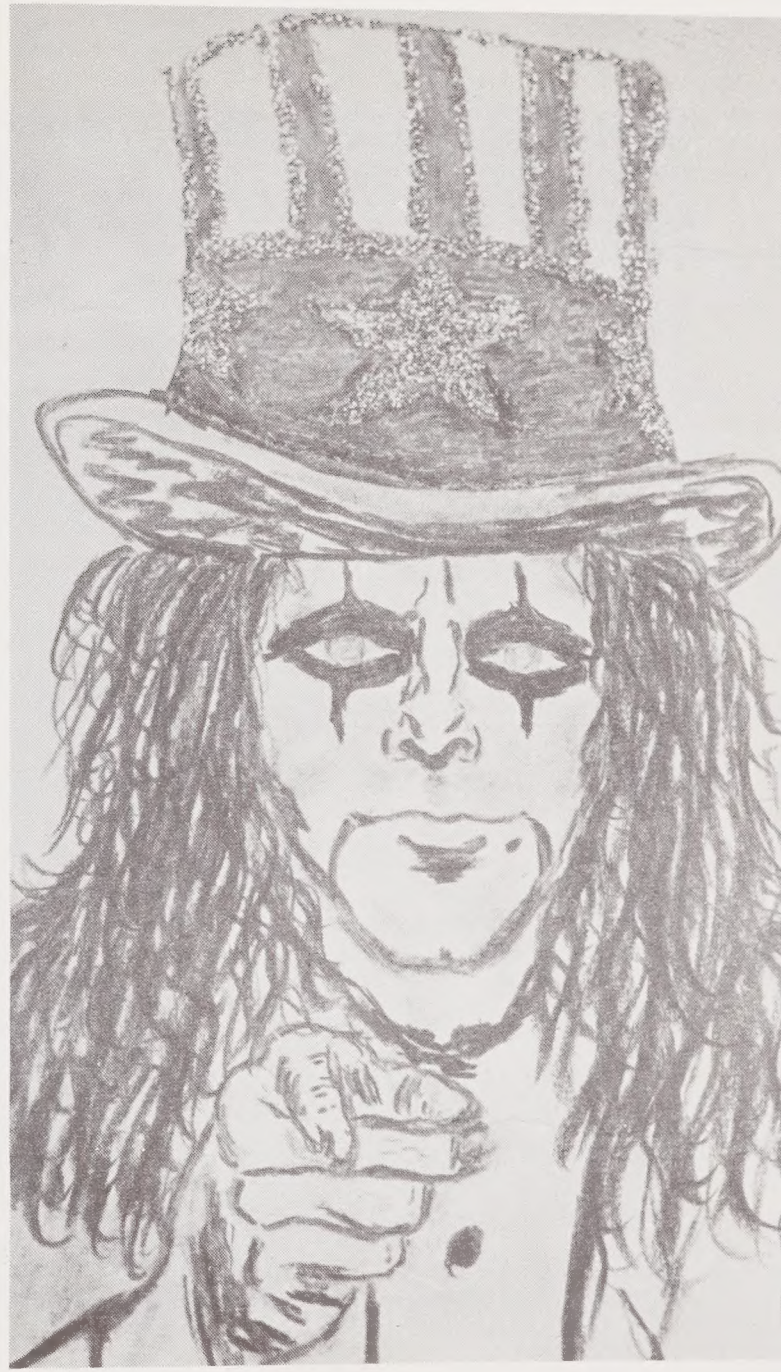
Rodney Young

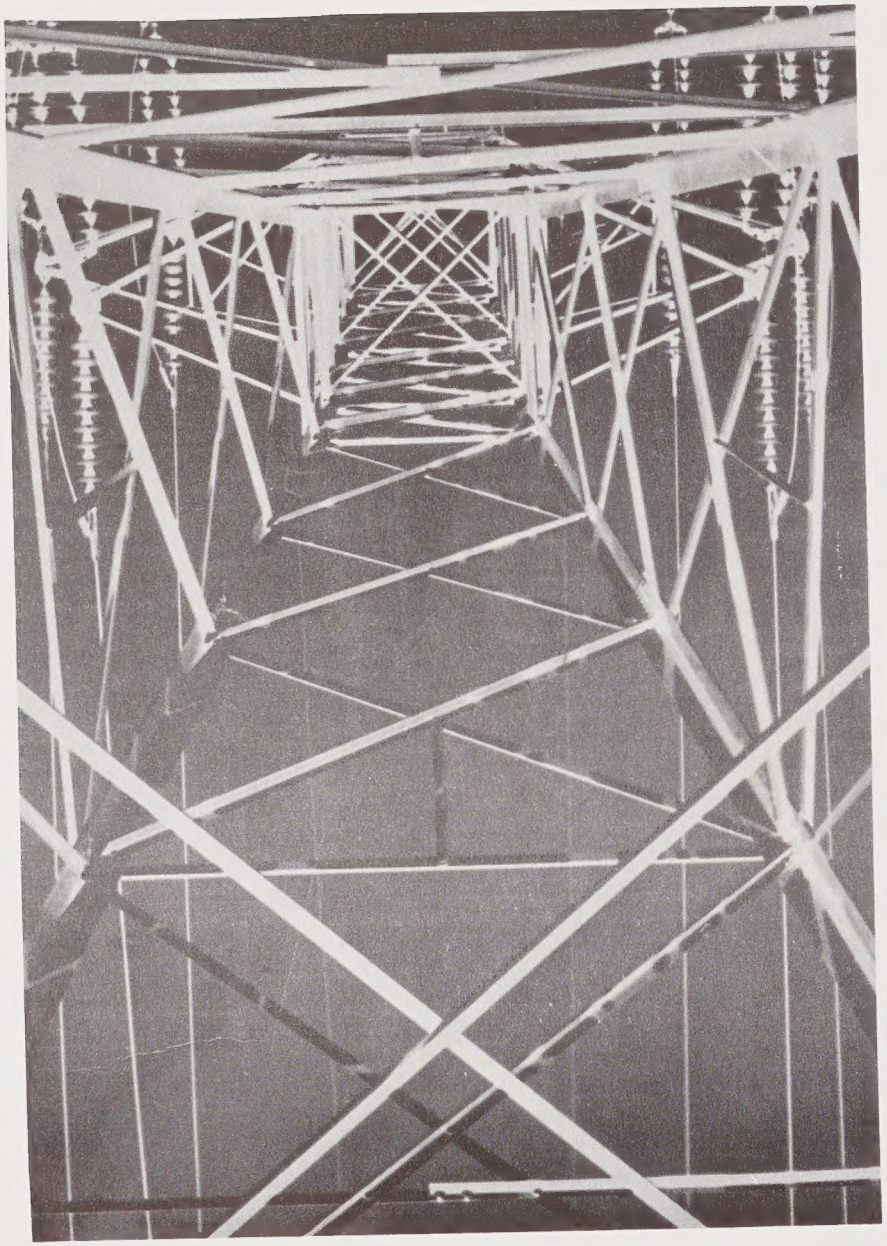
SEARCH

Lonely is where you find it
Not when you're trying
And not when you're flying
And not when the lights are lite.

Try and you'll succeed.
Try till nothing's left
Search in the sky and the weeds
And you'll find yourself.

Kent Young





WHAT IS SPACE?

Is space to you
The dark of night,
The black and blue,
Of a beautiful sight?

Could space to you,
Be the distance between towns?
Like a mile or two,
Or a length to be found?

Could space to you be
The distance from your goals?
The long treacherous way,
Where lay many of life's holes?

Could space to you
Be that hole in your head,
Where you think you know nothing,
But you know alot instead?
Could space to you
Be the emptiness in your heart?
Where you haven't let God come in,
So you could have a new start?

You know space to you,
Could be how far you can sling
Arock or a ball
Or most any thing?

Or could space to you
Be a length of time,
Like it took for me to
Make this rhyme?

By: Ricky Allred

WILL PEACE EVER COME?

Will peace ever come
To this world of ours?
Or will man over do
His God-given powers?

Do we really have the right
To take a life?
To make innocent people
Go and fight?

I hope soon
That this will end,
And Peace will come,
Once again

Jan Miller

THE OTHERS

Change your ways;
realize for once
Try to live, not control.
There's a better day coming
for those that follow the call.
Take up the ways of man,
not his machines.
Throw away your plastic masks;
expose the true flesh beneath.
For tomorrow is only shared
with the ones who are real, not
The Others.

Randy Davis

THROUGH A WINDOWPANE

I press my nose against the pane in front of me.
Children are laughing and playing.
Young lovers are whispering and embracing.
Elders are chatting and smiling.

I realize that there are only two ages of man,
The glories of youth and the miseries of those
Returning to youth once again.
I offer my question -- am I one of those?

My plea is for help...
Please make me belong...
I reach out to grasp the hand of another so
They will include me in the groups they form.

Alas comes the pain, intense in its grip.
It holds me captive, won't let me go.
It isn't the pain of an open wound;
It's just that I've struck the windowpane, my barrier
from those who belong.

Betsy Webster

PARENTS COMPLAIN ABOUT GRADES

Parents gripe both night and day,
In a way I guess it's best.
You shouldn't argue with your parents,
If you failed your test.

They say, "You should be ashamed,
For making that awful grade.
Mine wasn't all that bad,
You should see what the others made.

"I don't care what the others made,
I'm concerned with your grade."

They can't see things have changed,
Especially since they were our age.
I can't help but wonder why,
They keep saying we never try.

Yet I study most of the time,
But they will disagree.
School is so very hard,
Especially for me!

D.R.B.

THE MEN OF A BATTLE

These men counted precious moments,
But they never had many.
They could be there for years.
And not have had any.
These were the men
of a Battle.
They were forever waiting;
Waiting for their many chances
To kill their foes, and hating
To get beat at the hands of their foes.
These were the men
of a Battle.

They seemed to never tire
In a time when needed most,
These men moved noiselessly,
Almost like a ghost.
These were the men
of a Battle.

These fighting men were brave.
They risked their lives each hour.
For their country, that they must save,
From plunder and destruction.
These were the men
of a Battle.

Many a man has lost,
Fighting for his country.
It seems man will never learn,
That peace should always reign.
These were the men
of a Battle.

Phil Styers

MR. MIRKLE AND THE TALKING FLY

I always did try to please my boss as an employee, but this was going too far. He had promised me first chance on a scoop. And this? Interview a Mr., uh, let me see, uh, Mircle, yes, a Mr. Mirkle, patient at NO NOISE REST HAVEN SANITARIUM. Boy, I could see this was going to be exciting.

I was still mad when I reached the sanitarium and I stood outside contemplating whether it was really worth it. After all, all my boss could do would be to fire me. So much for that and on with the interview.

The desk nurse was worse than I had expected. She was old and shriveled, looking more dead than alive. She fit the atmosphere of the place and spoke with a voice that woud put any tuba to shame.

"May I help you?"

I was thinking that she was the one who needed the help, but nodded slowly and proceeded to ask her the room number of Mr. Mirkle. She told me it was 30's. She also warned me to be careful on the stairs as they were bringing "poor, ole" Mr. Peabody's corpse from his room at this time. She said the poor, old boy's cord to electric blanket had fallen into his bed pan and the guy had been roasted during the night.

I finally reached Mr. Mirkle's room, knocked and entered. He was busy reading Compton's new version of "How to Commit Suicide Without Really Trying."

"You must be the boy who is going to interview me," he said.

I nodded, though I was still kind of dazed by the day's happenings and not really sure of anything.

"Well, son," he drawled in a fake Southern accent. "I'm going to tell you the story of why I'm here that's going to curdle your milk."

I doubted that but let the old times continue.

"I was working in my study when I noticed a fly on my calender and proceeded to swat at it. Well, this dog-gone fly just flies up to my nose and begins to talk to me. He says that I don't have any right to kill him and he's gonna report me to the SPCF. I ask him what that is and he says the Society of the Prevention of Cruelty to Flies.

Now while he was sitting there bawling me out, I was thinking. "Myself," I says, here is your chance to make some money. You just take this little fly and go on the Ed Sullivan Show. You'll make a bundle."

Well, I reach up and grab him by the legs and drop him in a little jar. Then I set him up on the counter. Well, son, I was feeling better'n my granny with her rheumatism medicine. I was a'shouting and hollering to beat the band when I noticed the little critter wasn't moving. Well, I looked around and started screaming. This neighbor comes to see what is the matter and he thinks I've gone stark crazy. He calls the police and they bring me here."

I was on the edge of my seat with anticipation and I yelled at the old man to tell me what had made him go crazy.

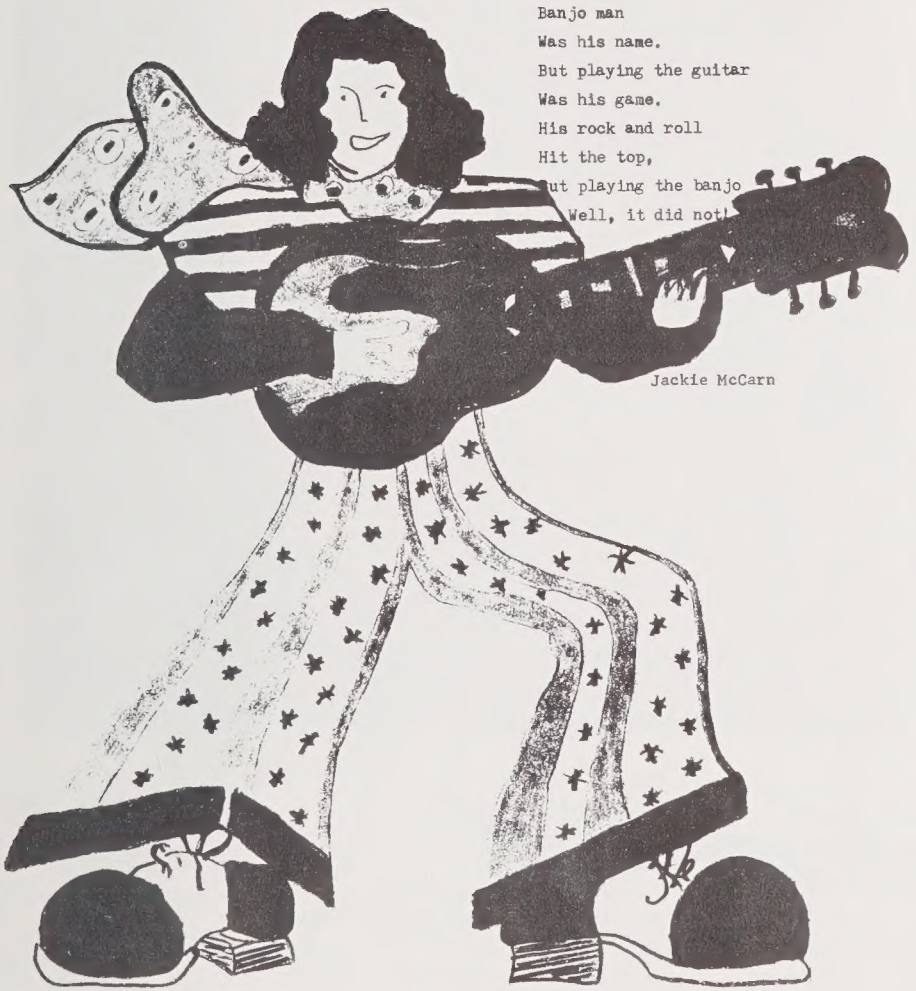
"Well, son," he said. "How would you feel if your fame fortune was ruined by a Shell No-Pest Strip?"

Eddie Carrick

I'D RATHER HAVE A DOG

Beautiful and sleek. . .
Gentle friend of mine,
You can charm the very warmth from my body. . .
And give it back, better than any blanket.
Nobody escapes the passionate lure of your very being.
Perhaps it is because you try so hard to please
Always eager, always ready, always with time for me.
You really have a courage that I envy,
And a spirit that could never be broken. . .
Only by me, that is, me and my people ways.
Your nose smells everything.
Your ears hear better than mine ever will.
Your eyes see more than any human's try to see.
Your loyalty and compassion; your perceptive understanding can not be equaled.
It's no wonder that God gives you seven years to every one of ours. . .
Your humble goodness merits His consideration.
Even with your cold nose and wet tongue. . .
Even when you get your muddy paws on my clean floor. . .
Yes, given a choice, any time
I'd rather have a dog.

Betsy Webster



BANJO MAN

Banjo man
Was his name.
But playing the guitar
Was his game.
His rock and roll
Hit the top,
ut playing the banjo
Well, it did not!

Jackie McCarn

"My FELLER"

I love his ways
his yeas and nays.

I love his looks
his fishing hooks.

I love his style
his sweet little smile.

I love his frowns
his ups and downs.

I love his sport of hunting doves
but most of all, I love his love!

Lisa Sink

RAGGEDY BEAR

My Raggedy Bear is:
As blind as a bat,
Without a hat,
Dirty as a rag,
Stuck in a bag,
Falling apart,
Without a heart.
He's going bald,
Or so it's called.

What good is he?
He's soft to hold
When it's so cold
He makes me happy,
When I'm sad
and feeling bad.
He's always there,
Ready to share.
My goodness, what a nice little bear.

Davonna Leonard

A RED CARNATION

Oh, red carnation!
In gazing at you, you appear
to be more than a flower
You appear as a smile,
As a pair of warm, understanding eyes,
But most of all, as a symbol,
Of the loving ways of your giver.

Janet Greer

MYSTERIOUS CAT

It happened on a weary night,
While walking all alone.
I sensed a pair of stalking eyes,
That chilled me to the bone.

I did not know just what it was,
Or what it happened to be.
But all I knew was what I felt,
That eyes were watching me.

I turned around to take a look,
To see what could be there.
And there it was, a stray gray cat
That wandered without care.

Darrell Warner

OLE' SATAN

Life on the farm was hard enough without that conniving red fox so appropriately named Ole' Satan.

This fox would by-pass all the farms in Krimshaw County to get to our farm. We never knew what Ole'Satan liked so good about that farm. Farm life was hard enough without a cunning fox on your hands. Mom and I couldn't raise chickens fast enough for him. Ole'Satan got so bold he'd come twice a week to try and catch a chicken, and he usually got one too. Pa had tried everything in the book, but Ole'Satan was just too smart for him. As I said, I'm 13 years old, and Pa and Ma's been having trouble with this critter every since before I was born. Poor Pa, he'd tried everything, snow tracking, the steel trap, snares, poisoned beef, and bloody-ground down by the branch. You wouldn't know about blood ground but what it is, is when you butchered a calf or lamb, you normally led it to the branch to kill it so you could have plenty fresh water to dress the carcass. If you didn't own a gun, you had to use a butcher knife to cut the animals throat. Well anyway, bloody-ground is where butchering is done. The hunter therefore hides and waits for the fox to smell the fresh blood, the moisture of the earth around the branch helps to carry the pungent aroma, but that trick didn't work either.

Now it was the middle October, early Saturday morning, when I felt Pa shake me gently. I thought he wanted the corn harvested but it turned out to be we had some new neighbors and had to help them get settled down. In the back country people had to stick together.

A week after the Mackindocks had gotten settled, Mr. Mackindock asked Pa and me to go hunting. Mr. Mackindock had dogs. Pa, he never had any dogs. He always said, "winter too long and money too short" which meant we couldn't afford to feed'em. Mr. Mackindock's dogs were combination dogs trained to hunt rabbits and foxes. This could mean catching up with Ole'Satan!

Since it was so early in the morning Pa told Mr. Mackindock to start the dogs behind the chicken coop. Ole'Satan had been t' ere the night before and had failed to catch a chicken so he might have came back for a second try. No sooner than we reached the coop, the lead hound gave a terrific bellow fit to wake the dead. It had to be Ole'Satan's trail. He really gave the dogs a run for the money. The hunt left Krimshaw County and resumed in Blackandale Hollow where the lead hound caught Ole'Satan by the hind leg and he and the pack mauled him to death. Pa thought I was watching the hounds kill Ole'Satan but really I watched the pained look on his face. Then I saw a tear roll down his cheek and quickly I turned my head to Mr. Mackindock, who was shouting "I told you so!"

I couldn't help to think what it would be like on the farm now.

From then on, things were different around the farm. It wasn't challenging anymore. We didn't have to worry about putting the ducks and geese in a pen for the night or closing the chicken coop's door. Everything I'd ever known had changed since the death of Ole'Satan.

Tony Giles

AUTUMN

The leaves are turning,
Gold, orange, maize then brown
Autumn is surely here!

Florice Rowe

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Congratulations GRADUATES

SCHOOL DAYS

I'll always remember that one
big day
I entered the school, and into
first grade.
I cried & cried for my mommie
to stay.
Like all the rest, I was so
afraid.

I made it through the first
grade
Into the second and the third,
It always seemed like such a
thrill
To learn a big new word.

The fourth went by fast
The fifth and sixth had come &
gone.
As we started having boyfriends
And were always using the
phone!

By the time the seventh grade
came
All the excitement seemed
to be no more
Doing a new math problem
Got to be a real bore!

The eighth was a little better
We were the old ones of
the crowd.
Next year we'd be in
high school
You'd never seen us so
proud.

It was like starting all over
again
We had both excitment & fear
Never knowing what to expect
As we enjoyed our freshmen
year.

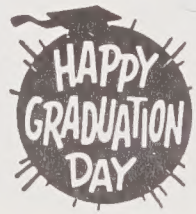
Through the tenth it was better.
We had biology & drivers ed.
It seemed to be not as bad
As everyone had said.
But now we were juniors
It seemed really to get hard
Funny how everyone got so sick
That day we got report cards.

Well we finally made it seniors
We're going to graduate at
last.
Funny how when you stop and think
The years went by so fast.

Some will go on to college
Others get married and start a
new life.
Can you imagine that buddy
of yours
Supporting a kid and a wife?

But no matter what you do
I guess we all have to admit.
That someday we might need.
The education we hated to
get.

Becky Canady



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"GRADUATION"

Like the thunder whose sound dies away,
So ends the adventures of the Seniors
To leave behind plenty of good and
bad memories,
Lying in the ashes of time,
Destroyed by the depths of two different
worlds,
One the free and present, the other
hanging on to times
Which have received their notice.
The many nights of good music and
memories
And the nights of pain which would
rather be forgotten
And so we head out anew in this
May of '73,
And we hope to find happiness
When we build the pyramid again.

Rhonda Koontz

THE GRADUATE

All of the tests
Are over at last–
Homework and quizzes
Are things of the past,
But now I wonder
Since I finally made it,
Who will they get
To sit on the bench like I did?
Who'll sing alto
In chorus next year?
Who will the paper's
New typist be?
How will this school
Get along without me?

Jackie McCarn